

The Mightiest Little Peasant Chapter 702

Late at night, in the living room.

Tang Hao sat cross-legged. In his left hand, he held a jade pendant half the size of his palm.

He raised his right hand and traced the air with a finger. Extremely tiny talismanic runes appeared on the pendant.

Ten minutes later, he carved the last rune.

Another Artifact was complete.

Putting down the jade pendant, Tang Hao heaved a long sigh of relief.

That was the last Artifact. After two days, he had finally finished crafting yet another Yellow Flame Formation.

It had been more than half a month since he returned to Westridge.

During that period, he had expended a lot of spiritual material to produce spirit jade.

When he lifted his head, he saw Qin Xiangyi lying on the couch next to him with her eyes closed. She had fallen asleep.

Tang Hao smiled, walked over, and kissed her gently on her forehead. He carried her in his arms and walked to the bedroom.

“Lil Tang...”

She woke up, groggily opened her eyes, and called out his name.

When she saw Tang Hao, she reached out with her arms and wrapped them around his neck. She leaned over and said lazily, “Are you done, Lil Tang?”

“Yep!”

“Then let’s go to bed!” She buried her face in Tang Hao’s neck and rubbed gently.

“I still have something to do!” Tang Hao said.

“Oh! Then maybe take a nap? You can leave after I fall asleep! Otherwise, I won’t be able to sleep,” she murmured.

“Alright!”

Tang Hao’s heart warmed when he heard that.

When they came to the bedroom, Tang Hao put her on the bed and lay down. Then, he hugged her gently and said, “Good night!”

As he said that, he kissed her.

She curled up in Tang Hao’s arms and slowly closed her eyes.

“Lil Tang...” She called out suddenly.

“Yes?”

“I love you so much!”

Tang Hao smiled and stroked her hair gently. “I know! You’ve said it many times!”

“No! I have to say it many times every day!”

“OK!” Tang Hao could not help but laugh. “I love you too!”

She opened her eyes and pursed her lips into a smile. “I know that, silly! I know that your heart still belongs to me!”

In the darkness, she looked at him lovingly.

Tang Hao was slightly aroused, so he kissed her.

His movements were very gentle, and she responded to him gently.

Everything was so delicate as their bodies mingled. Even the moans were very soft.

Their hearts became closer and closer.

When everything was over, she said lazily, “I enjoyed myself earlier, Lil Tang!”

“You should go to sleep!” Tang Hao said with a smile.

She closed her eyes. The corners of her mouth curled upward slightly with a hint of a smile.

After she had fallen asleep, Tang Hao got up, put on his clothes, and drove to the outskirts of the county seat. He had made markings on the ground earlier, and all he had to do was bury the Artifacts.

After burying the last Artifact, he saw a beam of light shooting out from the ground and into the sky.

All around the county seat, beams of light shot toward the sky, and an invisible shield spread out.

Then, he went to Qin Xiangyi’s factory and set up a miniature Artifact formation around it. Just like the one at home, there were thirty-six Artifacts.

After that, Tang Hao went home.

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Several more days passed in the blink of an eye.

In those days, the entire Huaxia cultivation world was in an uproar.

News came from Mao Mountain that Senior Tang was going to auction the lucky numbers!

The identification pendants were the talk of the town in the Huaxia cultivation world. Everyone wanted the lucky numbers.

They knew that the pendant signified their identity as a cultivator, and they would need it for the rest of their lives.

With a lucky number, they could show off.

After hearing the news, all the cultivation families spared no expense and searched everywhere for medicinal herbs. They even sent their family members to remote mountains and forests.

They could even be found in the Shennongjia Forest and the Qin Range.

Sometimes, they would bump into each other.

“Dammit! Why are you here?”

“What a coincidence! Eh? You look miserable like a barbarian!”

Such conversations took place in the mountains and forests all over Huaxia. “Barbarians” popped up all over those places.

Even Dragon Tiger Mountain joined in the frenzy.

The weather was excellent on the day of the conference.

On Mao Mountain, colorful flags and banners fluttered in the wind.

“Celebrating the Successful Convening of the Mao Mountain Grand Convention!”

“Fellow Cultivators, Welcome to Mao Mountain!”

The Taoist masters were dressed in brand-new Taoist robes and stood at the mountain gate to welcome the fellow cultivators.

Soon, the first group of people arrived. It was the Qi family from the Capital.

“Wow!”

They were all amazed by the brand-new atmosphere on Mao Mountain.

They were stunned when they detected the cultivation base of the young Mao Mountain disciples.

The disciples were almost at the middle period of the State of Qi Channeling, and many of them were only teenagers!

They were completely shocked!

“Mao Mountain is pretty amazing!”

“It’s unbelievable!”

They knew that Mao Mountain was a powerful sect in the Huaxia cultivation world, but they did not expect that Mao Mountain were such freaks.

Smiles bloomed on the Taoist masters’ faces when they heard the whispers and discussion.

That was the effect they wanted by bringing out the young disciples!

Very soon, the other families also came. They were all speechless.

Finally, Dragon Tiger Mountain arrived by helicopter.

They could not believe what they saw. As far as they knew, Mao Mountain used to be a poor and run-down place, but it was completely different now! They could not call the Taoist masters poor losers anymore!

Their eyeballs almost popped out of their sockets when they saw the cultivation bases of the young disciples.

“Wh... What the hell!”

Many of them pinched themselves to ensure that they were not dreaming.

Seeing that, the Taoist masters felt extremely happy.

“Haha! Look, those idiots can’t figure out what’s going on!”

“Speaking of which, it’s all thanks to Fellow Cultivator Tang!”

Taoist Master Zhen Yang stroked his long beard. He was laughing up his sleeve.

“Let’s go upstairs. The conference will start in a while. Oh right, have you brought the things?” He went up to greet them.

The elderly heavenly master who led the group grunted angrily and pointed at the big sacks in the hands of the heavenly masters behind him.

“This way, please!”

Taoist Master Zhen Yang ushered them inside.

When they reached the plaza halfway up the mountain, they saw many people sitting on the chairs set up in rows. It was a lively scene.

“Where is Spiritual Master Tang?”

“Don’t worry. He’ll be here soon!”

After the people from Dragon Tiger Mountain took their seats, three figures walked out of the grand hall in front of them. The one in the middle with white hair and a sage-like appearance was Taoist Master Qing Xu.

Tang Hao and Taoist Master Qian Ji followed closely behind him.

“Who is that?”

Instantly, murmurs filled the entire square.

All eyes were on Taoist Master Qing Xu.

Taoist Master Qing Xu walked out in large strides. He casually flipped his Taoist robe, revealing the jade pendant at his waist. On it was the number "8888."